CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT NO. 85 1-2 BOWERY, BY P. PRICE, AT $2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1833. NO. 13.

Original.

SERMON.

ON THE ATONEMENT.

And not only *so*, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Rom. v, 11.

The vast importance attached to the doctrine of the atonement by Jesus Christ, renders it proper to make it the subject of particular consideration. As we must needs be brief, the undivided attention of the reader is bespoken, that every thing like repetition may be avoided.

I. We shall define the term, *atonement of Christ*. This phrase is on the tongue of almost every one who speaks on the subject of the christian religion. But, alas, how few have any definite ideas or sentiments concerning its real meaning! Most people appear to be grasping at a multitude of words and sentences, which convey no distinct and intelligible thoughts or views on this momentous and all absorbing theme. This is a very unhappy circumstance. It affords ambitious and designing theologians, an opportunity of disposing of their learned and subtle arguments and reasoning—if we may so speak—at a lucrative rate, and insures a perpetual market for such wordy merchandize, by keeping the multitude ignorant of the subjects of their constant inquiries. So long as this state of things continues, the doctrine of *atonement* will either be greedily swallowed, like unsubstantial and unsatisfying food, or become the subject of distrust and scepticism. Let us then, candid reader, settle this point for ourselves, by an appeal to scripture and reason. If it is a subject of revelation, we can clearly undestand it; if it is a matter of mere speculation, we may pursue the investigation, or not, as prudence shall dictate.

It is worthy of special remark that, the word "atonement," is found in no passage in the New Testament, except the *text*. But the word in the original, *katallagen*, occurs frequently. It is generally rendered "reconciliation," and should have been in the text before us, to be intelligible to common readers. Dr. A. Clarke says, in his Commentary, "It was certainly improper to translate *katallagen* here, by *atonement* instead of *reconciliation*; as *katallasso* signifies *to reconcile*, and is so rendered by our translators in *all places* where it occurs. It does not mean the atonement here, as we [Methodists] generally understand the word, viz. the *sacrificial death of Christ*; but rather the effect of that atonement, the removal of the *enmity*, and by this, the *change* of our condition and state; from *kata*, intensitive, and *allasso*, to change, the through change from our state of *enmity* to *friendship*." So much from Dr. Clarke. And who does not perceive that the learned commentator was driven into the truth, against the prepossessions of his own mind? He says, the word atonement, in the text, does not mean, what divines generally understand by it, viz. *the sacrificial death of Christ*. But *where* does it mean that? and *how* came people so to understand it? Not, surely, in the *New Testament*, which ought to be consulted to ascertain its *true* meaning.

Every candid person will perceive that, had the original word been translated in our text, as in other places, the meaning would have been obvious. Thus, "And not only *so*, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Chris, by whom we have now received the *reconciliation*." This rendering perfectly harmonizes with the next preceding verse, as well as with other scriptures. The word *atonement* means nearly the same as *reconciliation*, but is not so well or generally understood. It is a compound of three monysyllables, viz. *at-one-ment*; and implies agreement, harmony, union; or being *as one*. All this is free from obscurity; for, when the sinner becomes reconciled to God, there is an agreement and union—all is harmony and love. Hence, the gospel is called, "the word of reconciliation"—"the ministry of reconciliation: to wit, that *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*." See 2 Cor. v, 18–20. But will similar remarks apply to systems of human invention? Do they teach an atonement free from ambiguity? Do they not inculcate the mysterious notion that God was so unreconciled with his offspring, as to require the *sacrificial death* of his Son to appease his anger and propitiate his favor? No one can deny it. They are, therefore, unscriptural, and ought to be renounced and rejected.

II. We will consider the *necessity* of the atonement by Jesus Christ. And here, too, we must be guided by the testimony of revelation, rationally applied. See verses, 6, 7, 8, 'For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Also, Col. i, 19, 20, "For it pleased *the Father* that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, *I say*, whether *they be* things in earth, or things in heaven." Our moral or spiritual condition, then, rendering the reconciliation necessary, is evident, viz. that of sin, ungodliness, enmity to, and alienation from God, by wicked works. So long as any being continues in such a frame of mind, he will be miserable. Reconciliation is essential to bliss. It is heaven's most benevolent work in the human heart. And, to meet the necessity of the case, it must be universal; for St. Paul says, "we have before proved that both Jews and Gentiles were all under sin;" and the sad experience and observation of all ages, fully corroborate the degrading fact. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," or are sinners. The meaning evidently is, that all sin may be traced back to one man, Adam, as its source; not that Adam was accountable for the *sins* of his *posterity*, or *they* for *his*. Such a thing is inconceivable. Strictly speaking, one man cannot be *punished* for the sins of another. *Guilt* can no more be *transferred*, than *hunger* or *thirst*.—The *innocent* frequently *suffer* in *consequence* of the guilty, and the most wicked are favored by their connexion with the virtuous. But these consequences are not *rewards*. Hence, though Adam's transgression occasioned all the iniquity in the world, yet, each individual would be morally accountable for his *own* works. The reason why all are condemned is that *all have sinned*, or become personally guilty. And the reason why all will be justified is, because all will become personally holy. Neither blame nor praise can be transferred or imputed from one person to another, any more than pain or pleasure. A moment's consideration will evince this, beyond the reach of contradiction and refutation. By adopting this rule of interpretation, scripture and reason harmonize, and we are blest with a clear understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus.

That all men are sinners, in a greater or less degree, and stand in need of the benefits of reconciliation, through the appointed MEDIUM, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, will not be disputed, and therefore need not be argued, in this place. All which seems to be necessary, is to rivet the fact in the mind of each reader, that we are personally and individually accountable for our own actions. Though we may feel sorrow, and experience much injury in consequence of the iniquities of others, yet it is morally impossible that we should feel *guilty* for them, or in their stead. Let the arrow of deep and serious conviction penetrate every heart, that its own earnest cry may be, "GOD *be mereiful to me a sinner*." This must be the exclamation of every soul, before the great work of reconciliation is wrought by the spirit of truth and grace.

III. We shall close, with a few remarks on the JOY produced by reconciliation, or the atonement. "And not only so, but we also *joy in God*, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." All unreconciliation produces misery. or, indeed, it is misery itself. How great must it be then, when its source is alienation of heart from the Fountain of good, and enmity to God by wicked works? How deplorable the condition of all, while rioting in opposition to the holy law of liberty and love, revealed of heaven for our joy and felicity, through faith and obedience, and the knowledge and acknowledgement of the truth? Such was the former condition of those, whose renovated bosoms overflowed with joyousness and gratitude, on receiving the atonement, or becoming measurably reconciled to God. They were children of wrath and slaves of sin, even as others, till they beheld by the clear eye of faith, the exceeding riches of infinite grace, in the gospel of their salvation.—They beheld, were convinced, and reconciliation followed. They had joy unspeakable in this life, by contemplating a blissful immortality in the life to come. And all who are now reconciled, in a similar manner, will participate similar joys. They will rejoice and exult in the manifestation of unbounded love. The ever-glorious and increasing victories of the king of Sion, will enhance and quicken their unearthly raptures. Their anticipations of his full and final triumph, in the entire reconciliation of all things to God, and the indissoluble union of all things in heaven and earth, will give such fervor to their faith, and wings to hope, that they will seem to rise in glory, and antedate the felicities of the redeemed above. In addition to

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart felt JOY,"

the reconciled mind submits to the momentary ills of time, with an eye of untiring patience, fixed on the unfading glories of eternity. Who, then, will not breath forth the exhortation, "Be ye reconciled to God?" Rather, who will not

heed it, and share in the pleasures it ensures to the soul? And who would repine and murmur under the conviction that, universal reconciliation will succeed the wide spread commotions of the human mind—the turbulent and devastating agitations of a world lying in wickedness? What heart, though now the receptacle of limitarian faith, would not beat high with unusual raptures and rise in the majesty of moral independence, if fully convinced that, all sin shall be finished and transgression come to an end, and all rational beings become finally holy and happy in the pure atmosphere of perfect reconciliation? NONE, we fearlessly answer, who are the enlightened disciples and followers of Jesus Christ. That bosom must be harder than adamant, and colder than arctic ice, that would not rejoice and exult in the contemplation of sin's defeat and death's destruction, and the final universal prevalence of holiness and felicity. To suppose that *Christians* could prefer sin to holiness and misery to bliss, as the result of human existence, for any portion of our race, is to make the Master the minister of sin, and his religion the instrument of eternal cruelty!

But, blessed be God! the *eve* on which I give utterance to the charitable sentiments of my heart, is consecrated to *prayer*, for the reconciliation of a world to God! even by those christians, who as yet cannot "believe for joy of heart;" or because the doctrine for which they *pray*, is too good and joyful to receive their credence. Still, this day should become memorable in the annals of Christendom. The spirit of truth is moving upon the face of the waters. A benevolent desire is kindled up in the bosom of *limitarians*, and compels them to *pray* for the success of that very principle, whose prevalence yet excites their timidity and fear. Go on then, "fearful souls," we say, and rise on the mighty wings of hope, or "the mightier wings of prayer," above those partition walls which sectarian industry has reared. Let the advocates for universal reconciliation continue to *believe* what others *pray* the Almighty to accomplish, and the result will be no less certain than glorious. In the dispensation of the fullness of times, God will gather all things in the Son of his love, and God himself be ALL AND IN ALL. AMEN! HALLELUJAH!!

PHILOSOPHERS AND DIVINES.

Those among men, who are devoted to high intellectual efforts, may be divided into two classes, the students of *nature*, and the students of *grace*, *philosophers* and *divines*.

"One sire begat them, and one mother bore!" And sorry I am, when I see any fraternal strife among them. Could they but agree, they would soon kick out of the world the bastard breed of sceptics, infidels, and atheists.

After all, the *divines* are of the nobler family. But the philosophers have, as yet, played the man in a higher style. Their scale goes down to the ground with a most ponderous gravity; while our scale kicks the beam, as if there was nothing in it. What can be the reason that for two centuries, less or more, *philosophy* should be making such prodigious advances, and *divinity* standing stock still?

Look, ye, divines, at your twin brothers! There is one, with his crucible in one hand, and his thermometor in the other—covered all over with sweat and cinders—a true son of Vulcan, putting nature to the torture, to compel her to reveal some of her secrets. Look up! there is one of them scrambling to the very top of the Andes! Now I would not be along side of him for all beneath the sun. What does the fellow mean? Is he going to get a tenement among the stars? No! he is a philosopher, and bye and bye he will come down, (if he should not break his neck) and will bring in his pocket some lichens and mosses, and pebbles: and when he gets his brothers about him, you will wonder to hear what conclusions they will draw, conclusions which excite the sheer of ridicule only in countenances where the lambent smile of wisdom never played. Look there! just at your feet, there is one of them going perpendicularly down to the shades, through the shaft of a horrible mine-hole: before fifteen minutes he will be fifty fathoms into the very bowels of the earth, among pitfalls, and choak damps; and the earth every moment threatening to cave in on his head.

Well, are all these men fools? No. They are students of nature; and they mind their books. What is the result? Behold what the God of nature has given them as the reward of their devotion and industry. Tell any one of these blades that you have got a new *theory*: and he laughs in your face; and asks you where are your facts? From that family theories have long been banished.

But how is it in the other family—among theologians? What have you been doing all this time? What have you discovered for a few centuries? Just nothing. Did you mind your books—the books of the sacred volume—these are your books—did you mind them? If you had, I am sure the God of grace is not so niggardly of his favors, as to refuse you some game for your hunting. The Bible, the Bible, cried Chillingworth is the religion of Protestants.—And any one who pleases, may cry, the Bible, the Bible, is the world of the theologian. Don't be mistaken. The Bible is not explored. There is many a *terra australis incognita*, in that moderate volume. And until theologians place themselves for life on the holy page, we shall have no discoveries! Perhaps some may have worn epaulets for seven years, and never measured, with the line in his hand, a single encampment; perhaps a man may have been seven years a minister of the gospel, and never have analyzed a single book of the sacred volume, nor expounded it to his flock. How can there be divines in this way of working.

The philosophers are playing the men. Nothing in the heavens above, or in earth below, can escape them. Not a star can show its head, but they will know something about it. Not a substance in nature but they will find some use for. All this is as it ought to be. But how goes the day among the divines? What are they doing? What single thing has been done by them now, for centuries, to purify the churches faith, and bring her up in all things, to the purity of the sacred model. Are not all the systems of false philosophy, that ever corrupted the church of God, in full vigor, corrupting it still? Are there not as many parties in the Christian church, as ever there were, with their jarring doctrines, and mutual contradictions? And what are the divines doing? they are very gravely looking on, and leaving it to one metaphysician, to destroy the theory of another metaphysician. That much is easily done; he tears one system down, and builds up another; and thus leaves the world as well off as he found it. The metaphysicians will never be able to do this work, they will never, to all eternity, produce a good moral theory. God reserves that work for his own sons of the holy anointing oil; and they will come forth with the holy sword of the spirit, and jugulate these human sophistries; and preach the gospel just as they find it in their Bible. And then the world will enjoy a good system, as fine a theory as ever infinite wisdom devised.

"O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta."

But the sigh is in vain! A new generation must arise in the Christian church—the race of *commentators*. The world is just ready for them. The pioneers have cleared the way. They have rummaged every monk's cell; they have dusted every little tatter of a manuscript which contained so much as one jot, or one tittle of the sacred volume. They have put them into the hands of the Bible critics, who have weighed each one of these jots and tittles, with as much scrupulosity as if their everlasting all were at stake. They have given us the sacred volume, as complete and as pure, as we expect ever to get it. But now we want a race of men to search the scriptures, and tell us exactly what they contain. Whenever the church beholds her sons studying the sacred books, with the same ardor, assiduity, and perseverance, which the philosophers are now displaying on the book of nature, she will find herself already reformed; her wrinkles all gone; and herself restored to the virgin beauty of her youth.

The christian church does need a race of philosophical ministers. But they must be philosophers of the right kind—not system-makers, but system-breakers; true iconoclasts every man of them.—*Dr. James Gray.*

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA LIBERALIST.

PHILADEL. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The following extracts from the History of this Association, which is now being published in this city, in the columns of the "World," by H. G. Jones, demand a passing remark.

"The year 1790 presents no joyful aspect—clouds and storms, tornadoes and volcanic eruptions, echoed and re-echoed from Dan to Beersheba. The doctrine of "a general provision," like an unexpected pestilence, or as the insidious but fatal Samoul of Africa, came among some of the churches—whether it was indigenous or exotic, the archives of the day do not inform us. *This* we know, it led on to Universalism, a depot to which it as naturally tends, as a weight in motion on an inclined plane rushes on to the lowest point of destination. Cape May and Pittsgrove churches were so nearly ruined by "a general atonement," which ended in Universalism, that scarcely any thing could be seen in their borders but their *tears*, and scarcely any thing could be heard but their sighs and groans. And to add to the calamity, Nicholas Cox, a preacher at Kingswood, now grown wiser than his fathers, mounted on the fractious steed of "general provision," and rode furiously on to the barren, hopeless, desolate plains of Universalism.

On the deplorable occasion to which we refer, Dr. Samuel Jones, by request, had prepared a letter, addressed to the churches which were then suffering, in consequence of their ministers and some of their members becoming Universalists. The letter was deemed very appropriate, and was adopted as the circular this year—and, though we do not see much new matter in it—nor any arguments not to be found in the production of Dr. Edwards, addressed to Dr. Chauncey, yet good may result from spreading the most cogent parts before the public. The letter states that, "we have to lament that there are some appearances in two or three churches, of the leprosy of universal salvation, which, perhaps, the Lord may permit to spread, that they which are approved may be made manifest. But when we see such an Achan in the camp, we may well suspect the Lord has a controversy with us. The notion of universal salvation, as now propagated, is explained in two ways. Some of them say there is no hell, or if there be, there shall not any of the human race be sent there, but that *all*, good and bad, shall be taken to heaven together: others say, that though there be a place of future punishment, and though some of the human race are sent thither for a time, yet they shall be finally released and brought to heaven. As for the first of these notions, namely, that not any of the human race

are ever sent to a place of future punishment, but that all, good and bad, are taken to heaven, we shall say but little to it, not only because we have no room, but because we deem it unnecessary. The scriptures, on the one hand, are so express, particular, and positive, and on the other, the methods they take to evade those scriptures, are so disingenuous, and their endeavors to accommodate other scriptures to their own views so trifling, that it is hard for any one to believe that they believe *themselves*, or that they *can* be serious and in earnest.

When the scriptures *positively*, and beyond all doubt, say, "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psalm ix,17. "That the whole body shall be cast into hell," Matt. v, 29. "To be cast into hell fire," Matt. xviii, 9. "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Matt. xxiii, 33. "To be cast into hell," Mark ix, 45, 47. "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment," Luke xvi, 23; besides a number of other passages, what need we more? Not to dwell on the dissolute morals which might be expected to attend, and which actually have been the consequences of so licentious a tenet as that of which we were speaking.

If the wicked were ever to be released from hell it is time enough to let them know it after they get there, and not before, to encourage them in sin; to give them even a hint of it in this life would be exactly the same as if the Divine Being, when he prohibited the use of the forbidden tree, had told Adam, that if he should eat of that tree, he would contrive a way for his escape, of which we know, that not the least item was given before the fall. So that if there was any passage within the lids of the Bible, that gave information of a release from hell, we might be sure such a text *could* not be the word of God.

REMARKS.

"The year 1790," says friend Jones, "presents no joyful aspect. The doctrine of a 'general provision,' (*i. e.* a *universal* atonement) like an unexpected pestilence, came suddenly among some of the churches, which led on to Universalism, to which it naturally tends," &c. We fully agree with the writer, that the doctrine of a general provision or atonement, naturally tends to Universalism; and if our Arminian brethren, who hold to the universality of the atonement, would reason correctly from the premises they adopt, they would at once reason themselves into the belief of Universalism. The fair and natural inference, from the premises of a general provision, or universal atonement, is general or universal salvation; and whoever admits the premises, and rejects the legitimate conclusion, virtually impeaches the character of God, and casts a stigma upon the mission of Christ.

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In a quotation from a circular letter, by Dr. Samuel Jones, which our author introduces, we find the following: "We have to lament that there are some appearances, in two or three churches, of the leprosy of Universal salvation, which, perhaps, the Lord may permit to spread, that they which are approved may be manifest. But when we see such an Achan in the camp, we may well suspect the Lord has a controversy with us." This "leprosy of Universalism," it is a matter of sincere rejoicing, the Lord has permitted, not to say caused, to spread most astonishingly since the time here referred to, and now bids fair soon to infest the whole human family. Our doctors of divinity will find it impossible to arrest its progress. This "Achan in the (religious) camp" will not be so easily ejected—it will be found that in despite of all opposition, he will maintain his ground to the last.

The writer goes on to describe two kinds of Universalists, one of which, he informs us, "say there is no hell, or if there be, there shall not any of the human race be sent there, but that *all*, good and bad, shall be taken to heaven together." This is a gross, and as we believe, *wilful* misrepresentation. We know of no class of Universalists who hold, or ever held, such opinions. No Universalist ever yet denied the existence of hell, or that the wicked shall be sent there, or contended that *bad* people will be taken to heaven. Universalists firmly believe in a hell, but not in an endless hell—they believe in the hell of the scriptures, and that all who are in any degree sinful will be punished there, not even excepting the pious elect. They of course believe that *all* mankind will *finally* be received into heaven, but none in the character of "*bad*" people, not in their sins, (for they do not believe that any unclean thing can ever enter heaven, or that without holiness any one shall ever see the Lord;) but when by the transforming power of the resurrection, they shall be fitted for heaven, shall be made pure and holy, equal to the angels that are in heaven. Such are the views of Universalists.

The writer thinks it unnecessary to say much concerning the first class of Universalists named, and after some reflections upon their candor, and manner of treating the scriptures, which we pass by, proceeds to bring forward what he considers positive proof of the doctrine of endless misery. He triumphantly asks, "when the scriptures *positively*, and beyond all doubt, say, 'the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God'—'that the whole body shall be cast into hell'—'how can ye escape the damnation of hell'—'and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment'—besides a number of other passages, *what need we more?*" We answer, a great deal more, to substantiate the truth of the doctrine assumed. These passages have not the most distant reference whatever, to a state of misery in the future world, nor has the writer made any attempt to show that they have. Universalists have shown over and over again, that these passages are descriptive of punishment that is experienced in this life. In reference to the very hell here described, David says, "Great is thy mercy towards me, O Lord, for thou hast delivered my soul from the *lowest* hell." From this passage it appears evident, that in the days of David, the hell into which the wicked were cast, was in this world—and we have no account in the scriptures of its having been transplanted to any other. "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" That damnation is endured in the present life, is evident from the language of the inspired apostle, who says, "He that doubteth is *damned*." "To be cast into hell fire"—"and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment," &c. are expressions employed to set forth the *present* unhappy condition of unbelievers and transgressors. Every wilful transgressor carries a coal of hell in his breast, and is of course in torment. This view of the subject is confirmed by many corroborating passages, as might be shown, if our limits would permit, and it were necessary.

FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EXCOMMUNICATION FOR HERESY.

We have heretofore remarked, and are often reminded of the truth of the observation, that the advocates of what is called *Orthodoxy* are not so much opposed to the *doctrine* of the restitution of all things, as they are to the *name* and *profession* of that faith. The following communication gives indisputable evidence of this fact. Calvinistic churches are perfectly willing their members should *believe* in Universalism, if they will *say nothing about it*—perfectly willing they should be *heretics at heart*, and *hypocrites in life*, and while they are such, and hide their light under a bushel, they can fellowship them with all cordiality; but the moment they let their light *shine*, and act the part of *honest* men, maintaining openly and zealously what they verily believe to be the truth of God, the faith once delivered to the saints, that moment their "names are cast out as evil"—they are pursued with anathemas and reproaches, and every evil thing is said of them. S.

Br. SKINNER, Dear Sir—If you think the following worthy of notice, please to give it an insertion.

In the year 1828, March 10th, I united with the First Baptist church in Plainfield, Otsego county, as a member. I remained in fellowship with said church until September 30th, 1831. During the month of August previous, I often told my brethren my belief in regard to the final restitution of all things. I requested that a meeting should be called, in order that I might know more particularly what their feelings were in regard to my remaining with them and enjoying my own opinion, as I had gained it from perusing the scriptures. We accordingly met, or at least a few of them, but no answer did I receive—the time was principally taken up in asking me questions, to all of which I had the good luck to have an answer ready—I still continued my request, that they should give me an answer. Another meeting was appointed—a *few* of the *male* members were present—the meeting was opened by prayer—I then arose and told them my belief, stating some evidence for the same, and unless they could esteem me as a brother, and as welcome to the privileges I before enjoyed, it was my request to have a letter of dismissiom. A very rigid Calvinistic brother rose and made a motion that I should have a *letter of admonition!*—I utterly refused receiving such a letter—the meeting was soon closed. A few days after, I was *requested to say nothing of my faith in a world's salvation*, and to write a letter *stating* that I had *concluded to say no more about my faith*—but I might *believe* what I was a mind to, and continue right along with them—I told them I would write a letter, but did not tell them *what kind* of a letter I would write—I would write a letter and bring it to the next covenant meeting. Acordingly, I wrote a letter, stating some scriptural reasons for my belief—likewise I called for a letter of dismission, stating that if they would not give me one, I should *withdraw* myself from them; likewise that they might strike my name from their articles of faith. The following is a copy of the letter I soon after received:

"Dear brother—In compliance with a resolution passed at the last church meeting, held at the meeting house on Saturday, the 29th ultimo, it became my painful duty to inform you, that, in consequence of your having imbibed and promulgated sentiments which the church deem to be repugnant to the tenor of the Gospel, (but *not* for any known *immoral conduct* committed by you,) the church feel compelled, by a sense of duty, to withdraw the hand of fellowship from you. Done by order, and in behalf of the church, at Edmeston, this 4th day of November, 1831.

ARTIMUS GOODNOUGH, *Church Clerk.*

To Pierce Reynolds."

Since I received the above letter, my name has been cast out as evil—slander and persecution have prevailed—but these, as natural brute beasts, speak evil of things they understand not.

Plainfield Dec. 22, 1832. P. REYNOLDS.

DORCAS SOCIETY.

Donations in money, dry goods, or cast off clothing will be gratefully received for this Society by Mrs. Durell, No. 27 Roosevelt-street, Mrs. Hammond, No. 418 Grand-street, and at this office. Those having the means and willing to aid in relieving the distresses of the poor during the approaching winter, may thus enjoy the opportunity with little inconvenience to themselves and with the certainty of their donations being well applied. New-York, Jan. 1833.

PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON.

The subjoined prophecy of Napoleon is said to be a suppressed passage from the Journal of Las Casas, and no one who has perused that work will doubt it.

In less than fifteen years from the present time, said the Emperor to me one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhung the road, "the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed revolution until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will not submit to be governed by these bands of petty sovereigns—these aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the order of Nobles in France; but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge. The people have only to know that all emanates from themselves, in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the boors of Russia. Yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time—but I shall be cold in my grave—when that colossal, but ill cemented empire, will be split into as many sovereignties, perhaps republics, as there are tribes which compose it."

After a few more reflections on the future prospects of Europe, his Majesty thus continued—

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelopes the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former example in any country; whilst it has, at the same time, aroused as many fast and powerful friends to the government as there are individuals who receive interest for that money, so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries; but even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass and blow the whole system to destruction! If the mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour, but would on some pretext or other, break with their creditors and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come. France too, has got a debt. Those Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next, and all future ones. But I know the French too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No, no! my subjects are too sharp-sighted to allow the property accumulated for their children to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the Vielle Cour de Imbecils, who now insult them! They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me; they will recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by imposts during the war—that my wars cost France nothing—that I left her not one fraction in debt—but that I enriched her territory. Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons. The French will cast them and their debt from their shoulders, as my Arabian would any stranger who should dare to mount him.—Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amidst the acclamations of the people; if he be not, France will go back to a republic, for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the other Bourbons, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever changes take place."

Here the emperor paused for a few moments, then waiving his hand, he exclaimed in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration—

"France once more a republic, other countries will follow her example. Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will all join in the crusade of liberty! They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concession of some of their rights in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects. They will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves constitutional kings, possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death blow, and, like the thick mist on the ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty; but things will not end there; the wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point; the impetus will be increased in a ten fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When the people recover a part of their rights, as men they will become elevated with the victory they have achieved; and, having tasted the sweets of freedom, they will become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the states and principalities of Europe be in a continual state of turmoil and ferment, perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to an earthquake. At length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place—the lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interests as it flows. Trust me, Las Cases, that as from the vines planted in the soil which encrust the sides of Ætna and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You perhaps consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine however. I was a republican, but fate, and the opposition of Europe, made me an emperor! I am now a spectator of the future."

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The day was calm and clear—not a cloud appeared in any part of the heavens, and the flag hung motionless over the walls. Groups of soldiers were gathered on the ramparts, whispering among themselves—none dared speak above his breath, even the sergeant when uttering his orders seemed to lay aside half his authority. Soon the muffled roll of a drum was heard—silent and dejected, with their eyes fixed on the ground, a party marched past me; another company appeared—their muskets, the muzzles being pointed downwards, were crossed on their backs. The coffin plain and covered with a large black pall, was carried along by the immediate comrades of the deceased, on it there was thrown part of his accoutrements; then came another party equally pale and dejected. I mingled with the procession, and accompanied it to the grave. Slowly was the black pall removed, and the coffin lowered into the earth. A part of the troops removed to a little distance, but the remainder incircled the grave. The word of command was given, and the discharge of musketry announced, to those within hearing, that a soldier's remains had now been deposited in the cold tomb—the firing of three several rounds convinced me that the warrior had died as a soldier ought to die—full of honor though not on the field of battle. Then the sexton approached, and as the mould sounded on the hollow coffin, the noise though less loud sank deeper into the hearts of the audience; all seemed to shrink away from the unearthly murmur. The deceased had been a favorite in the regiment, and every one was ready to sound his praise—his warm and affectionate heart, his mind and endearing manners, were highly spoken of; yet though calm and serene in the barracks, he was ardent and enthusiastic in the field; his bravery had particularly attracted the notice of his officers, and they, even as his comrades, felt as if deprived of a brother. The soldiers retired—and as I saw them walk mournfully away casting back many a lingering look on the newly heaped up mound, I asked myself if such were the heroes who had carried the fame of the American arms to the farthest bounds of the earth—if men, who could not witness, without the deepest emotion, the burial of a comrade, could ever have rushed to the charge, I knew that they had; and even at a moment of this kind, which generally brings humility along with it, proud of my countrymen, I rejoice to see that those who could fight ardently, could also grieve bitterly.—But such have always been the feelings and sentiments of an American soldier.

MUSIC—An Extract.

* * * * What is religion without singing? Listen to the holy psalm lifted up in solemn praise to God from the body of the Church.—There are many old men there, now giving their tremulous voices to the sacred song, whose gray heads will, ere long, be laid in the grave; and there are, at this very moment, glad glimpses of heavenly happiness about their hushed spirits, and their lifted up thoughts are far away in that distant region, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And in death? How sublimely solemn the hymn chanted over the body of the dead, whether heard in mighty cathedrals, dedicated to the catholic faith, mingled with the sacred pathos of the low organ, amid the pomps of show, and the lavishings of wealth, and the luxuries of sorrow—or the psalm sung in an humble English village by the parish clerk, who walks at the head of the gloomy procession of weeping mourners, heard by itself in most solemn stillness; for there is not a word spoken at that moment in the village, for they all sorrow for the dead man, who is borne along to his grave, and who was well known for years to all.

Singing is omnipotent;—it rules us in our cradle—it delights us in our boyhood—it excites us to rapture in our manhood—it soothes and consoles us in our old age. In the moonshine of the night, and the sunshine of the day—in joy and in sorrow—in prosperity and adversity—in trouble and in calm—in war and peace—in love and hate—in refinement and barbarism—in cities and villages—in palaces, and in the huts of the poorest poor—in the hearts of the gay, and in the hearts of the melancholy—at all times, and among all nations, and climates, and tongues, the voice of song has the same unlimited dominion—the same universal effect on the heart of man. Napoleon, in his stormiest, sternest, and most tumultuous ebullitions of passion—however gloomy, morose, and discontented—was at once lulled into a temporary calm by the singing of one whom he loved. Rousseau and Robert Burns, when dying, desired to feel and behold the sunshine of day;—they saw and heard in it the low breathings, the sweet singing, of some blessed sacred melody.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

It is said when the Prince of Latin Poets was asked by his friend, why he studied so much accuracy in the plan of his poem, the propriety of his characters, and the purity of his diction; he replied, In æternum pingo, *I am writing for eternity.* What more weighty consideration to justify and enforce the utmost vigilance and circumspection of life, than this; In æternum vivo, *I am living for eternity?*—J. Mason.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE, NEW-YORK, AND ABEL C THOMAS, PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1833.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES,

At the Orchard-Street Church.

Subject for Sunday evening 27th. Popular Objection to Universalism: IT IS A LICENTIOUS DOCTRINE. Text, 1 John, iii, 3.

JUST PUBLISHED,

At this office, in a neat pamphlet form, for distribution, the CORRESPONDENCE, inserted in our last, between a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, and a Universalist. We believe this will be found an excellent little work to put in the hands of those disposed to examine into the spirit and doctrines of Universalism. Even the most fastidious of the Reformed Dutch, we should think, could not object to the MANNER in which the Universalists' argument is conducted. Price $2, per hundred, 3 cts single.

WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

A course of meetings have been commenced in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-street Church, and will be continued every Wednesday evening. Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. The primary object is moral and religious improvement. Addresses may always be expected. Friends of the doctrine of God's impartial grace, both Ladies and Gentlemen, are earnestly invited to attend. The meetings will generally be found interesting, and we doubt not profitable. Hereafter they will not be occupied so much with business as they have been.

TRAVELLING AGENT.

We have pleasure in stating that Br. S. J. HILLYER is now travelling on an agency for this Paper, in collecting, and procuring subscribers. He designs visiting the principal places within a convenient distance of this city, during this winter. Any facilities our friends in different places can afford him will be thankfully acknowledged.

UNCHARITABLENESS.

Among a number of old books, &c. presented by a friend, I find a pamphlet of 46 pages, entitled. "An Essay against Uncharitableness; wherein the Secret Springs of that Vice are traced, and the mischievous Effects of it briefly surveyed." London, 1707. The author's name is not given.

There are many excellent things in this Essay—a few of which I purpose extracting for the benefit of all concerned. The author thus introduces the subject:

"Charity in the Soul of Man is the very Picture of the God-head, taken as it stands in the fairest light. Wisdom and holiness, Power, Sovereignty, and Justice, are various Features of the Deity: They are indeed his very Nature and Essence; yet the Scripture rather chuses to express, that *God is Love*. The beloved Disciple that leaned on the Bosom of Jesus, took peculiar Delight in the Contemplation of God, under this Character. The other Glories of that infinite Beauty shine with Awful Beams, and command my Reverence: But methinks, I love to look upon so glorious a Being in his most condescending Air, and to converse with him in his mildest and most inviting Aspect. Charity in Man is a Grace of that alluring sweetness, that my pen would fain be attempting to say something in Favour of it. I find a strange pleasure in discoursing of this Virtue, hoping that my very Soul may be moulded into its Divine Likeness. I would always feel it inwardly warming my Heart. I would have it look through my Eyes continually, and it should ever be ready upon my Lips to soften every Expression of my Tongue. I would dress myself in it as my best Raiment. I would put it on upon my Faith and Hope, as an upper Vesture, constantly to appear in among Men. For the greatest of these is Charity."

I have seldom, if ever, read any thing that pleased me more than the concluding sentences of the above extract. O that professors of the faith of Christ, would ever practice on the principles so happily expressed by the cited author!—He proceeds, *per contra*, to notice uncharitableness:

"Uncharitableness is a Vice attended with such a Train of Mischiefs, that I would set all my biggest Powers in Array to fight against it. 'Tis a Fountain of such bitter Waters, that I would fain dam up the Spring. 'Tis a Plant of so poysonous a Product, that I would dig deep and search for the Roots, and tear up all the Fibres of it, though they twined about my heart strings."

And again, in another place, he uses the following strong language:

"Uncharitableness sits brooding over the Eggs of a Cockatrice, and daily sends forth a fiery flying Serpent; instruments of Cruelty are in its Habitation, and all its Children are Sons of Rapine and of Blood."

The writer names the following as being among the causes of Uncharitableness. I omit his illustrations, and condense his positions.

"1. A malicious Constitution of Nature, an Acrimonious or a Cholerick Temper of Blood. The Spirit too often complies with the Fretful Distempers of the Flesh.

"2. Self-love and Pride, and a vain conceit of our own opinions.

"3. A constant and friendly Acquaintance with the Men and Books of our own Opinions, and an Avoidance of all the writers and Persons who differ from us.

"4. Reading the Word of God with a whole set of Notions established before hand.

"5. A want of reflection on the Grounds of our own opinions. The true Reason why we kindle our Anger against our Christian Brethren that are not intirely of our Party is because we not only have the Vanity to fancy ourselves always in the Right, and them in the Wrong; but we judge their Consciences and their Sincerity too, that they did not come honestly and fairly by their Principles, while we never consider how we ourselves came by our own.

"6. Putting the Opinions of others upon the Rack, torturing every joynt and article of them, till we have forced them to confess some formidable Errors which their Authors never knew or dreamed of. Thus the Original Notions appear with a frightful Aspect, and the Sectators of them grow to be the Object of our Abhorrence, and have forfeited their Right to every Grain of our Charity.

"7. Making every Punctilio of our own Scheme a Fundamental Point, as though all the Law and the Prophets hung upon it, as though it were the Ground and Pillar of all the Truth in the Gospel. 'Tis a very uncharitable Practice to think that a Man can never journey safely to Heaven unless his Hat and Shoes be of the same colour with ours, unless he tread the very Track of our Feet, and his Footsteps too be of the same Size. It is equally as unreasonable as it would be for a Man of brown Hair to shut his Brother out from the Rank and Species of Men, and call him an Ox or a Lion, because his locks are black or yellow."

And again, in summing up this part of his subject:

"This Iniquity of Uncharitableness has more Springs than there are Streams or Branches belonging to the great River of Egypt; and 'tis as fruitful of Serpents and Monsters too: Itself is a Hydra of many Heads: I have drawn seven of them out at Length into open Light, that they may be cut off forever.

What our author says on pages 21 and 22, deserves more than attentive perusal. Speaking of uncharitable men, he says:

"While they boast of their Orthodox Faith, they forget their Christian Love. Their set of Notions is like a Winter night overhung with Stars; bright and shining, but very cold. They talk much of the kindness and Love of God our Savior towards Man; but this has not yet taught them Love to their Fellow creatures, nor kindness towards their Brethren."

And again, speaking of christianity—

"It is built upon the foundation of God's Eternal and Unchangable Love. It is impossible there should be true Faith without sincere Love. Charity in the heart is absolutely required to make up inward Christianity; and the Appearance of it in the Life is a most necessary Part of Godliness."

I cannot conclude these extracts, without quoting what follows. The writer represents an uncharitable individual as requiring him to paint a *picture of Uncharitableness*.

"I will attempt it, if you will furnish me with a Sheet of large Paper, and that of the fairest kind. First I will pare it round, and reduce it to a very small compass. Then with much Ink will I stain the Whiteness of it, and deform it with many a Blot. At the next sitting I will stab it thro' rudely with an Iron Pen; and when I put the last Hand to compleat the Likeness, it shall be smeared over with Blood."

A. C. T.

NEW TRACT.

It is probably known to most of our readers that a society has within a few months been formed in our city called the "Revival Tract Society." The defects of the "American Tract Society," whose induence extends to the very borders of our land, are not recognized by the uninitiated in the mysteries of the New School politics. The fact is, our New School brethren affect superior sanctity and greater zeal in the cause of Revivals. In accordance with this spirit of Pharisaism, a Revival Tract Society has been instituted for the noble purpose of spreading their new-fangled doctrines under the most specious form among the unsuspecting of their Old School brethren.

The Tract to which we are about to call attention is No. 9. and entitled, "THE TRUE WITNESS: *or the testimony of* Jesus Christ *that punishment is everlasting*." The motto of course is Matt. xxv. 46. The writer's name is not given, but we are very much mistaken if it does not owe its existence to that master spirit of revivals, the Rev. C. G. Finney. The author manifests no little solicitude to discover his *legal* acquisitions, and examines and cross-examines his witnesses with all the assurance and freedom of an accomplished pettifogger, who cares not a fig for truth or justice, if so be he can by any means, make out his case with sufficient plausibility to impose on the unthinking rabble.

Our author enters into a protracted examination of the competency of the witness, *Jesus Christ*, and shows: 1. That "he knows enough of God to know whether it is *his mind* that the wicked should go away into everlasting punishment." 2. That "he knows enough of mankind, to know whether any of them *will deserve* everlasting punishment." 3. That "he knows enough of himself to judge as to *his own firmness* of purpose to do what he declares he will do, and whether it is consistent with the love that brought him into the world, to inflict such a sentence." 4. That "he knows enough about the difficulties in the way of executing this declaration to tell *whether it is practicable* or not to make

human beings suffer everlasting punishment." And 5. That "he knows enough of futurity, to be certain in regard to the *changes* which might be supposed to intervene, to prevent the full accomplishment of the declaration." All this, our wary author might have spared himself the trouble of proving, for we know of no one who professes Christianity in any form, that is disposed to question a single proposition above stated. And it does not bespeak great legal discrimination or much christian honesty to spend one's time in establishing points never controverted and leaving untouched the very subject of debate. It would have been much better, had our author put himself to the more important and difficult task of proving, what has never yet been accomplished, that Jesus Christ or any of his apostles ever said any thing about *everlasting punishment*, as that phrase is now generally understood. This we conceive to be the point of dispute between our Limitarian friends and Universalists; and it is an insult to the good sense of the community to attempt thus to divert attention from this to other points on which all christians are agreed.

It is true our author has made a few remarks on the *powers of expression* which his witness possessed. He also has much to say about our ability to think and speak of eternal duration. This is all granted. But the question is, has Christ ever expressed the idea of *everlasting punishment*, as our Limitarian friends understand this phrase? That he used words literally translated *everlasting punishment* we do not dispute, but we do absolutely deny that he used these words in the sense which Limitarians now attach to them. We will here copy all the pretended argument which our author deigns to employ on this subject.

"The Scriptures speak of the eternity of God, and of his *everlasting throne*, and of the *eternal life*, or everlasting happiness, of those who go to heaven. And they could equally speak of *everlasting shame*, or *misery* without end. It is plain, therefore, that our witness need not be at a loss for expressions to state the fact of everlasting punishment. I ask what words a plain honest witness would use to express his intention of sentencing a part of mankind to everlasting punishment. Would he not have said, they shall go away into everlasting punishment? Could he have said it more distinctly? If he has not said it, language cannot express it; and those who argue against the doctrine of everlasting punishment, argue against a sentiment which they cannot express, and which they cannot prove that any body holds."

We may add to the preceding argument that the Scriptures also speak of *everlasting mountains*, *an everlasting priesthood* and *an everlasting possession*, none of which we believe, are supposed, even by our Limitarian friends themselves, to be strictly endless in duration. But is it a fact as our legal friend here positively and unblushingly asserts, that if the phrase *everlasting punishment*, does not mean a punishment literally without end, "language cannot express it?" We dislike to call a man's scholarship, and much more his honesty, in question, but we cannot avoid the conclusion that the writer of this tract must have been either grossly ignorant or basely dishonest. If he is a Greek scholar as he intimates, he well knows that his assertion is unfounded—if he is not, wisdom would have dictated silence rather than such empirical effrontery.

We will quote one or two paragraphs more from this singular tract. Our conscientious author says in relation to the doctrine of endless misery, "Many persons have flattered themselves that they had detected the fallacy of Christ's testimony on this point and it always made them worse." We sincerely hope our author will never become a Universalist, if as he intimates, Universalism always makes men worse. For notorious falsehood, deliberately uttered, bespeaks no very enviable character in any man.

The "witnesses on the other side" are brought in by our legal friend, and he manages them admirably. One is cross-examined in this manner.

"You, witness, are a parent. Could you drown all your children, as God actually drowned the old world? Could you let the stream of burning lava from a volcano flow over them, as God rained fire and brimstone out of heaven upon the cities of the plain? Could you bear to fill your house with perpetual sickness and pain and death, as God has made this world a vale of tears? Could you disappoint the hopes of your family, and break their limbs, and put them to all the varieties of death, as God treats the human family? Is it not possible that *you cannot judge* so well what God will do, as *he* could who was the bosom counsellor of the Father? Do you *know* any think about it?

Answer.—I confess there are many things which I do not fully understand; and I cannot say I *know* that I am right.

Perhaps this will give our readers a taste of the spirit of our New School friends. The tract is worthy of its supposed author, and worthy of the "Revival Tract Society," and worthy of the wretched cause it is designed to support. S.

"FREE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE."

For six months past I have had in my possession, a book of 200 pages, entitled "The Free Universal Magazine, being a display of the mind of Jesus as manifested to his servants, the members of the New and Free Church." It was published quarterly for the space of one year, in numbers of from 42 to 60 pages each, 12mo. The imprint of the two first Nos. is as follows: "New-York, printed by Louis Jones, No. 24 Smith-street for Rev. Abel Sargent, 1793." The third and fourth numbers were printed in Baltimore, for the same editor.

Br. Whittemore, of the "Expositor," makes a mistake of 26 years, in supposing that the first Universalist periodical in the United States was commenced in Boston, in 1819. He of course knew not that the "Free Universal Magazine" was commenced June 7, 1793.

I have no doubt that Br. Sargent was the author of the queries which caused so much excitement at Hanover, Pa. many years ago—an account of which was recently published by Br. Grosh, of the Utica Magazine, transferred to the Baltimore Pioneer, and noticed in an article in the "Expositor" to which I have referred. In the list of subscribers to Br. Sargent's work, I find that there were seven at "Hanover or McAllister's Town, Pa."

At the close of the volume before me, is a Proposal for a Second. It is therein stated, that "the Editor, being now settled in the town of Baltimore, in the centre of intelligence, is at this time establishing an extensive correspondence with men of information, in divers parts of America and Europe," &c. I have been informed by Br. Timothy Banger, to whom the book in my possession belongs, that a second volume was not published.

In the second number of this "Magazine," I find the following article:—

"A List of the Universal churches, within the Knowledge of the Editor, also of Universal Ministers.

"*Churches in Jersey.*—Kingwood; ——— Town; New-Hanover; Pitts Grove; Shilo, in Cumberland County; Cape May.

"*Churches in Pennsylvania.* New Britain; Philadelphia; Washington county, Pike Run; Cross Creek.

"*Churches in Maryland.* Eastern Shore of Maryland; Hartford county; George's Hills, Allegany.

"*Churches in Virginia.* Shanandoah; Morgan Town; Clerksburg. [This church is very small, but it is likely to increase much, if there could be only a settled minister there, and there is one who expects before long, to settle and tarry there.]

"In New England, I have been informed, there are many.

"Also the same cause prospers much in London, through the instrumentality of Rev. Elhanan Winchester; and in Kentucky [I hear] through the instrumentality of Rev. Bailey and Holmes, formerly Baptist ministers.

UNIVERSAL MINISTERS.

"*London.* Elhanan Winchester; and some others, whom I hear are lately converted to the Faith.

"*New England.* John Murray, Mr. Richards, with several others, some of whom I hear wish to come to Jesus by Night.

Eastern Shore of Maryland. Mr. Pollard, and Mr. Hockins.

"*Maryland.* Richard Green, and one Methodist Minister, who thinks not proper to declare himself.

"*Pennsylvania.* David Evans, Mr. White, George Adam Martin, David Arnold, James Wallis, Mr. Bylew.

"*Kentucky.* Mr. Bailey and others, of whom I have been credibly informed.

"*Jersey.* William Worth, Nicholas Cox, Artis Seagrave, Mr. McIntire, Joseph Ayres, Abel Sargent."

I learn from the "Magazine," before me, that "the representatives of sundry societies in the United States, believing in the Salvation of All Men, convened on the 25th of May, 1790, in the city of Philadelphia, by an invitation from the brethren in the said city, holding the same doctrine. WILLIAM WORTH was Moderator of the Convention, and *Artis Seagrave*, Clerk. Much business was transacted. The Convention met agreeably to adjournment, in Philadelphia, May 25, 1791; NICHOLAS COX, Moderator, *Artis Seagrave*, Clerk. The Convention met again, at the same place, May, 25, 1792; JAMES MOORE, Moderator, *David Evans*, Clerk. And again, May 25, 1793; DAVID EVANS, Moderator, *Wm. Worth*, Clerk. The Convention adjourned "to meet in Philadelphia, the last Tuesday in October, 1794." As the publication of the "Free Universal Magazine," closed in March, 1794, we thence derive no farther information in relation to this Convention A. C. T.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

I feel obliged by your compliance with my request, in inserting the extract from a sermon, and for your remarks on it. But I am surprised at your first sentence, viz. "We wish that Aspasio, had given us the name of the clergyman from whose sermon he had quoted." Now I would respectfully ask, what difference it can make who wrote the sermon? Is truth less desirable, because it comes from an enemy or an opponent? Or is falsehood less odious, because it comes from a friend? Would your remarks on the sentiments be altered, by knowing the name of the preacher? I should rather hope

you admire truth, and detest falsehood, on their own intrinsic merits; without regarding whether they come from friend or foe.

I think you are correct in your remark, that the preacher and the apostle (Rom. iii, 8,) are at issue on the doctrine laid down by him, that "the *design* constitutes the act morally good," whatever may be its turpitude in the abstract: for in his language, "The moral character of every act is determined by the design of the actor." In other words, the *means* employed to produce a good end or object, (whatever those means may be) are justified; provided the intention in using them be good. For instance, a member of a tract society, sincerely believing Universalism to be a soul-destroying error—writes a tract for the purpose of deterring his fellows from embracing it; and converting and reclaiming them who profess it. He recounts in glowing colors the profligate life of one of its votaries, and details the terrible account of his death-bed scenes. That his confidence then deserted him—that he found he had been trusting to a broken reed—that he had built on a sandy foundation—that in his last moments he called aloud for mercy, but found it not! And in this awful state he gave up the ghost. That this dreadful case is "no fiction," but occurred at —— in the month of —— 18—, and that he has recorded it as a warning to all who are under the dangerous delusion. And yet the writer knew that he was penning a deliberate falsehood; for no such case had ever existed. But he had a pure, a holy, a good *design* in telling the LIE, and according to the preacher was justified, "for the moral character of every act is determined by the *design* of the actor."

I cannot avoid expressing my surprise at your saying "The remark that 'the moral character of every act is determined by the design of the actor'is, perhaps, generally true, but not, we think, without exceptions." I consider the moral character of every act to be determined by the law of God: and in *no case* by the design of the actor. To do a good act with a *bad* motive, does not constitute the act *bad;* nor does the doing a bad act with a *good* motive, constitute the act *good*.—The act of charity or alms-giving, is good, but if we do it that we may be seen of men, we have no reward from our father in heaven; yet the impure motive, does not change the nature of the act. And Paul when he persecuted the church, thought he was doing God service, and "that he ought to do many things, contrary to the name of Jesus," Acts xxvi, 9. The act of persecution was bad, and although Paul had a good motive in the act, it does not change the quality of it; for he says he "obtained mercy, because he did it ignorantly in unbelief," 1 Tim. i, 13. In short, it cannot be disguised, that the sentiment referred to, is in strict accordance with the long-famed maxim of the Jesuits, "*The end sanctifies the means.*"

I should be glad to hear your remarks on the sentiment, that "*God is the cause of the sin which men commit.*" For myself, I do not feel sufficient patience to comment on so monstrous a doctrine. A doctrine which maintains that God is the author of that, on the commission of which by the children of men, he has denounced most awful punishment.

I have had a high opinion of the honesty and discernment of S. and think I have not been deceived. ASPASIO.

REMARKS.

Our "friend and *subscriber*," Aspasio, is welcome to our columns. We are pleased that his sensibilities were touched by the first remark in our last, and commend him for entering his protest with becoming warmth. Now we assure Aspasio, that we "admire truth and detest falsehood on their own intrinsic merits," and at the same time we admire christian frankness, and disapprove of every attempt at deception. We have not many remarks of course to offer under present circumstances. Our observations on the sentiment, that *God is the cause of the sin which men commit*, are ready whenever our "friend and *subscriber*" shall have acquired patience enough to see "comments on so monstrous a doctrine." Meanwhile we exhort him in patience to possess his soul.

Aspasio expresses a high opinion of our "honesty and discrimination." Of the latter we have enough to discover that he makes very slight approximations to what he pretends to be—the former we would advise him to imitate let him find it where he may. S.

FOR THE MESSENGER.

THE CHURCH YARD.

WE stood in the city of Death!—around
Were the homes of the dead—from the grassy mound,
Nameless, unknown,
To the cenotaph rich, with its sculpture and gold,
And the plain tomb-stone:
And we read all the histories, briefly told,
Of the brave and the fair—of the young and the old;
And we sigh'd o'er the young, for Death's early call—
And pitied the old, for the lot of all.

We wandered about in the weedy place,
(For death's is a careless and idle race,)
Many an hour;
But chiefly we lov'd to linger where
Love's token flower
On a nameless grave, bloomed fresh and fair:
Some hand had torn forth the rank weeds there,
Green sods were placed o'er the hallowed spot,
Begemm'd with the sweet "Forget me not."

"But why *that* flower for the senseless dead?"
Sadly and whisperingly I said:
"Or, can we suppose
The enfranchis'd soul, in its heavenward track,
Ever feels for those
Who must still submit to the cell and the rack?
That it turns, on earth's prison house once to look back?
No! all is forgot of this world and its gloom!
The Nepenthe* alone is the flower for the tomb!"

"Oh, say not so! 'Tis *not* merely on breath
Love's existence depends—it dies not at death;
'Tis a part of the joy
The blest in their heavenly mansions know,
And their sweetest employ,
To watch over those whom they lov'd below;
They thrill with our joy—they weep o'er our wo;
But they weep not like us—for the hour they see
When the mourner shall shout, and the pris'ner be free!"

'Oh, you wrong the dead! when I die, on *my* tomb,
As on this, let the Flower of Remembrance bloom!
Forget not my choice!"
Thus did a lov'd—now, a lost one—chide
With her sweet low voice,
As she stood, 'mid those homes of the dead, at my side!
Blest spirit! tho' Ocean now divide,
My feet shall yet seek out the hallowed spot,
And plant on thy grave the *Forget-me-not.*

W.

* The flower of Forgetfulness.

PERIODICALS.

The Christian Preacher, consisting of Original Sermons by living Universalist Ministers, published monthly by Br. William A. Drew, Augusta, Me. at $1 per annum. A valuable publication, and deserves an extensive patronage. Has it been discontinued? I have a sermon in hand for the work, but shall delay sending it until I learn that Br. Drew has concluded to go on with the publication.

The Christian Visitant, published monthly at Utica, N. Y. by Br. A. B. Grosh. I subscribed for 100 copies per month—but have as yet received only the two first Nos. Will Br. G. embrace the first opportunity to transmit the remaining numbers?

The Universalist, published at Boston. It is a well conducted and handsomely executed paper—printed weekly, on a half sheet, 8vo., at $1 per annum. The publisher will please send me the work from No. 30 inclusive—and retain for me a perfect copy of the volume. I will pay him therefor. A. C. T.

LOVE OF GOD.

"The love of God flows freely and spontaneously. The mother needs no argument to persuade her to love her child—the fountain needs no argument to induce it to send forth its waters—the sun needs no argument to win him over to shed forth his precious light: so the love of God is not constrained, but flows from his very nature, God is love; therefore he must love."

We find the above in a very respectable Limitarian Journal, as a "select paragraph from a pious author." The sentiment is sublime, and cannot but meet a ready response in every *christian's* bosom. And yet, it is only another name, or expression of Universalism. It pourtrays clearly, distinctly, the constant teachings of that glorious doctrine. "*God is Love! therefore he* MUST *Love!*"—love in his chastenings, love in his blessings—he must, in short, love in *every thing* he does. But will our Limitarian friends acknowledge this reasoning, in view of their creeds? Most clearly not, and if we do not much mistake, the very paper from which we copy the above would pointedly condemn Universalists for adopting the same arguments. P.

The lines in our poetical department this week originally appeared simultaneously in the Trumpet and Universalist at Boston. They were occasioned by the death of an interesting child of Br. Benjamin Whittemore, and we suppose are from the pen of Br. T. B. Thayer.

It will be perceived that the closing paragraph of the very excellent Sermon in this No. is in allusion to the late day of prayer, "for the *Conversion of the World*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A voice from the Grave."—in truth, we were almost inclined so to regard it, until we met the assurance that it was none other than our old friend, and ever welcome correspondent "W." Excuses are needless, while such excellent substitutes are furnished as his last favors. One of them, "*The Church Yard*," will be found in another column of this week's paper.

An excellent poetical article, "*Passing Thoughts, by John U. Giller*," is received and will appear next week. May we not hear from the writer often?

We acknowledge, also, the receipt of a Christmas Sermon, from Br. R. O. Williams. We have not yet had time to examine it, but from the subject, and the well known talents of the writer, we doubt not it will be interesting.

Z. is received. Will he excuse a little delay? The subject to which his article alludes, is in a course of investigation and arrangement, and we wish to preceed in order, as far as possible.

H. H. B. will be attended to in our ne xt.

LETTERS AND REMITTANCES,

E. B. Ridgbury, 2d vol. 50 cts.; J. S. Ridgefield, 2d vol. $2; E. F. Norwalk, 2d vol. $2; P. M. Green Hill, 2d vol. $5; R. O. R, Patterson, 2d vol. $2; W. L. Orange 2d vol. $1; A. O. 1st vol. $2, D. S. 1st vol. $2, T. P. W. 2d vol. $1, all of Newark; R. O. R. Patterson; J. L. Sparta, 2d vol. $2.

LINES

Suggested on seeing an infant corpse.

And is this death! is death so fair
So beautiful a thing?
I always had a gloomy thought
About the "tyrant king;"
But now methinks if this be death
I have not half the dread
That once I thought that I should feel
When gazing on the dead.

Come, weeping mother, come and look
Upon thine infant's face,
And grief will fly thine aching heart
And peace will take its place.
See, mother, see the pleasant smile
That lingers there in love,
As if to tell thee of the bliss
Of that bright world above.

'Tis true its pretty playful feet
Are not upon the floor—
'Tis true its little loving arms
Are round thy neck no more,
Nor shall the music of its voice
E'er greet again thine ear,
Nor shall those once bright sparkling eyes
Send forth affection's tear;—

But, mother, wonder not, 'tis dead—
These things can be no more—
But say, was e'er thy babe, the half
So beautiful befor?
Thou canst not wish it back to share
In all the grief and wo
That follow in the path of all
Who have their lot below.

O no, thy child is now with God,
Thou wouldst not have it here,
For it is far more happy now
Than we can dream of here.
And fear thou not, it loves thee still,
And with a fuller share,
For love indeed that's deep on earth,
Is tenfold deeper there.

EXCURSION IN SCOTLAND.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER.

Neptune's stair case, Aug. 24.—The place of my present date is most befitting—as just before my window is the first and great lift of the Caledonian canal, from the tide waters of Loch Linnhe, making 64 feet by 11 locks, each 180 feet long by 40 in breadth. The canal is 120 wide on the surface, with 20 feet depth of water, capable of passing a *thirty-two gun* frigate. A ship of this magnitude, mounting these locks—(8 of which make one uninterrupted rise, the other 3 being a mile below at the mouth of the canal) to make her way through the hills to the German Sea, might well claim to inscribe upon the place of her ascent the triumphs of Neptune over the land, as in former ages he has asserted the dominion of the deep. I am quite sure that nothing could be more appropriately named. It is indeed *Neptune's stair case.* And here he is supposed to mount with his trident, shaking the locks of the hoary ocean wave, to walk over land, taking a peep at the hills of Caledonia, at the falls of Foyers, &c. and then again, with gladness and the voice of triumph, plunging into his own element at the Moray Frith, as delighting more in "the profound eternal bass of the ocean anthem," than in the shrill piping of the mountain blast.

The Caledonian canal was first opened for navigation on the 22d Oct. 1822, after having occupied twenty years in building. The original estimate of the cost was £20,000. The actual expenditure has exceeded £1,000,000. The entire length is 60½ miles—37½ miles of this, however, are natural, being compo-ed of the three lochs, or lakes—Ness, Oich, and Lochy; so that the actual artificial cutting, connecting these waters, at four several places, was only 23 miles. The summit level on the bosom of Loch Oich, is 94 feet above tide water. The work would not seem to be very stupendous, except by the depth and breadth of the cuttings, and the very great capacity of the locks, being intended to admit and pass large ships. Steamboats of the largest class may run this canal without difficulty. From Neptune's stair case, or Fort William, Loch Linnhe is a mere arm of the sea, a natural continuation of the same inland navigation for 40 miles to Oban—making the whole distance from Inverness to the open sea 100 miles, in a straight line from north-east to south-west. It is quite remarkable, that this beautiful natural glen should have been laid in such a direct line across this island, as if for the very purpose of this communication. It is a mere furrow of nature the whole distance, bounded on either side by hills rising abruptly from 1,500 to 3,000 feet—and Ben Nevis 4,380 feet. Nothing can exceed the beauty and the grandeur of this passage.

From Inverness, after lifting the locks, and shooting through the canal eight miles by steam, lined on either side by enchanting low land scenery, we rushed without impediment, or even a gate, into Loch Ness, 24 miles long and from one to two in breadth, and where the mountains immediately begin their stupendous, uninterrupted lines. The sounding of Loch Ness are from 116 to 120 fathoms—and its extreme depth 135. Its subterranean sympathies are evidently very extensive, as it was materially affected by the earthquake at Lisbon in 1775.

About 15 miles up this Loch, we came to the Falls of Foyers, a small river rushing down the mountain side into the Lake—and in the distance of a few rods making a descent of about 500 feet. The greatest single leap of the river is 207 feet. It is well worth seeing. The chasm is far more awful than the fall itself in the ordinary height of water. It is said of a gentleman, who being intoxicated, spurred his horse across a bridge, thrown over this fall in a snowy and slippery night, when he went the next day, and saw by the track of his horse the danger he had escaped, fell sick and died at the very thought of his own rashness.

Opposite the Falls of Foyers, on the west side of the Loch, is the beautiful glen of Urquhart, which threw back upon us from the whitened bosom of its harvest fields the full effulgence of a morning sun. No wonder, that the people born there love to live there—as they are reported. It is a sweet, enchanting vale. On the bold and jutting shore of the Lake stand the ruins of Urquhart Castle, the monument of memorable things. On the line of the Canal are the ruins of two other castles: *Invergany* and *Inverlochy*—the former situate on the western shore of Loch Oich, and the latter lying at the foot of Ben Nevis. They are both interesting and remarkable. Besides Fort William, at the head of Loch Linnhe, on this route, there is Fort Augustus at the west end of Loch Ness, both in repair, and in the keeping of a garrison.

During the whole distance on the Canal yesterday we had alternate shinings of the sun and showers of rain to diversify the scene. And often, especially on the decline of the sun towards the western horizon, when it rained in some places, and the sun poured his dazzling light upon other hills and clouds simultaneously, the effect was grand beyond description. From the long and deep glens, shaded by the mountains on their western margin, and overhung by a fleecy cloud, reflecting the full blaze of the sun, the very blackness of darkness stared upon us—and there in retired and awful majesty, the lightnings sprung their dreadful magazines, in quick and tremendous succession. A painter, doing justice to the scene, would forever be disbelieved.

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